

How thoroughly the spirit of this coarse and impertinent epistle sustains the allegations the writer pretends to deny our readers can only understand by having recalled to memory the character of the correspondence referred to; for life is too full for readers of newspapers to remember with satisfactory distinctness in October what was read for an hour in August. Our correspondent wrote on August 19 to announce that the company was again in "its good city of Paris, which it should never have left," and to give some reasons for the opinion he thus coupled with the statement of an interesting fact. He referred to the splendor of the descent upon England, to the great successes, to the boasts of the artists that the two months spent in England "were the happiest of their lives," and so forth; but he said that under all this apparent satisfaction there was a latent chagrin—an ill concealed discontent, that reached almost a sense of shame. "Small clouds," he said, "are arising in the horizon that are ominous of wounded pride, of self-deception, of new-born jealousies and even of hatred"—civil strife in the company itself, of which the seeds were sown on the English voyage. He said:—"If the English manager made money by the services of the company the eminent artists were themselves far from meeting with the artistic consideration and personal success to which they were in every way entitled." It will be observed that our correspondent did not